

**where we ought
not to be**

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where we ought not to be by carlemon

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Descriptions of Patrick's Nasty Corpse

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Characters: Reginald “Belch” Huggins, Victor Criss

Relationships: Victor Criss/Reginald “Belch” Huggins

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Summary:

Drabble. While fooling around, Vic and Belch find a body.

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"Oh," breathes Vic.

"—hell," finishes Belch.

Knee-deep in sullage —god, Victor hoped sullage; *god did he hope—* and in shit, in more ways than one. Seeping irreversibly into Belch's jeans, into Victor's very skin, tattooing the caustic smell of ruin and of rot into flesh and bone. The things they did for Henry. The things they did for a little quiet. For a fuck.

The torch-beam dances along the walls courtesy of Vic's shaking hand, discerning the shape of the body against the old brick wall. It's all crooked shoulders, artfully, abstractly, skewed, the limbs bent at odd angles; he's reminded of geometry in tenth grade, of the Mondrian pencilcase in his locker, of the Trans Am's headlights the first time they'd almost trashed it. The gut's a real piece of work, *literally* eviscerated, blending into the muck.

He hadn't had lunch so the booze'd get him quicker, get his smiles looser, get *him* looser and smiling silly into Belch's cheek. He hadn't had lunch, so there's nothing to retch out but high cat-like keening sounds, prickling the back of his throat. One hell of a mood-killer— if it hadn't already been *murdered* and drawn and quartered the moment they'd, possessed by the infallible, ineffable, audacity of boys and hellions and gods, decided to take a detour down the goddamn sewer, of all places. "*Catch me, you pussy,*" he'd crooned to Belch, limp wrists beckoning him forward and sweaty palms clearing big hanks of hair from eyes big and darling, inviting. "*C'mon. If you can—*"

Belch'd proposed a suck for a spin behind the wheel, for letting Vic choose the movie, for dragging him out to the Barrens, and Vic— Vic'd chosen today, of all days, to play *coy*. "*Catch me, fucker—*"

Belch swallows, loud enough for Vic to hear him through that sick mewling sound clawing its way of its own accord out his throat. "Oh, shit," he says, weakly, and Vic's eyes snap to him. He needs to pee, or throw up, or both, but there's nothing in his system, so he cries a little instead. Fucking typical. He hopes Belch isn't crying too. That'd

be rich, even for them. "Is that—?"

Vic doesn't answer, but his wrist twitches again, and the beam flickers to illuminate— a flash of a T-shirt sleeve, jaundice-yellow. Red trim, grimy as rust thanks to the dirt and the shit, the muck. Falling 'round the haggard cheeks, the ripped-out throat: ratty curls of dark hair, matted and thick with blood. He doesn't want to think it. He thinks it anyways. (He has vivid memories of that hair tangled into Henry's fist, scratching his face, throttling him, when he sat in the back of the Trans Am. Girl-hair damp with sweat and rain and cat-blood and— the wet sticky insides of vermin carcasses where they should not be— that is, anywhere but *inside*.)

"That's—"

"Oh, *fuck*," finishes Vic this time. "Fucking *g-god*." He looks at Belch. Belch looks at him. (God, one *hell* of a boner-killer.) (Of course it had to be them.) (Even if this is a fever-dream, a booze-dream, a pot-dream, of course it has to be them.)

"Reggie?" It's a suggestion, even though they don't dare make eye contact, *imploring* and *pleading* dribbling out his grimacing mouth. His fingers find Belch's, shaking violently in his solid, unyielding, grip. Belch chokes on air, on that acerbic smell of decay most likely, grabbing Vic's hand hard enough to numb.

"Yeah," he agrees, and as one they sprint, sloshing, from Patrick Hockstetter's corpse.

Author's Note:

do you think these two deserve better or at least 1.5
better friends because i do